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of the day; he fearlessly denounced corruption wherever he found it, and forgot his own interest in the larger and more comprehensive interests of his country. That he is not now in Parliament I consider a national loss, and as a frequent listener in the House of Commons, I regret the absence of a man, who by his ready eloquence might throw life into debates, now alas! almost bereft of vigour and animation, but pre-eminently distinguished for flippancy and dullness. But it is not for his patriotism as a senator, or for his excellence as an advocate, that I consider him most deserving of approbation, he is entitled to the respect and love of his fellow-citizens "because he is a friend to the moral improvement of man."—Associated with Mackintosh and Brougham, he has struggled hard to spread abroad the light of knowledge, and to diffuse the blessings of a sound and useful education amongst the ignorant portion of his countrymen; he has been the firmest friend to the London-university and other institutions which have had the education of the public for their object, he has been the bitterest enemy of that monstrous birth of modern times, the slave trade; and associated with illustrious rivals in a still more glorious cause, his name will be treasured in the recollections of the wise and good, so long as a single tract of the much calumniated "society for the diffusion of useful knowledge," shall be extant. Each succeeding month adds fresh laurels to those which he has already won; he may wear them without a blush, for they are unstained by the innocent blood which tarnishes the proudest trophy the greatest conqueror ever gained by the slaughter of thousands, to gratify the cravings of lust or of ambition. And it must be to him a delightful reflection, that by no human power can he be deprived of his well earned reputation. No, although the great tyrants of Europe were to conspire to-morrow to accomplish the debasement of mankind, or issue a bloody edict for the extermination of the virtuous and the honest, whom they hate and fear, they cannot, thank heaven, stifle the voice of truth, or arrest the progress of knowledge: already has it approached their very gates, and they tremble for the safety of the citadel of ignorance; vain is their opposition, despite their impotent and malignant efforts it will advance resistless in its course, till the despotism of the continent be shivered in its grasp, till superstition be universally trampled under foot, and tyranny banished from the world.

I have I fear, exhausted my reader's patience, and wandered from my subject. In private life, Mr. Denman is amiable, kind, and generous, so that even those who hate his politics, admire the man; by the members of his own profession he is beloved; on circuit he is the centre of attraction, possessing the happy art of winning the esteem, and gaining the affections of all who come within the reach of his society and conversation: this is high praise, but I have asserted nothing but what I know to be the truth. I may add, that he is an ardent and critical admirer of the Fine Arts, and indeed of every thing that tends to humanize, adorn, and improve mankind. Mr. Denman has, I should suppose, but little chance of ever obtaining high preferment, he is now common serjeant of London, a place in the gift of the corporation, which was bestowed on him from admiration of his public character, and respect for his private virtues.—

The road to the bench is still somewhat crooked, for although through the correcting influence of public opinion, men only of undoubted talents and great experience, are placed in the most prominent and difficult situations, men whose names spread a lustre round our seats of justice, yet the humbler but hardly less important places of the Puisne-judges, are not unfrequently procured by the instrumentality of private friendship, given as a snug retreat for imbecility, or bestowed as the appropriate reward of political subserviency. That man must be afflicted with a selfish disposition, and a contracted heart, who is not compensated for the loss of wealth and advancement, by the love of his professional brethren, the gratitude of his fellow citizens, the esteem and admiration of all honest men.

W.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Ireland and its Economy; being the result of observations made in a tour through the country in the autumn of 1829. By I. E. Bicheno, Esq. F. R. S. Sec. Linn. Soc. &c.—London, Murray.

MR. BICHENO visited Ireland out of curiosity, as men go to see the wild beasts at supper in the tower menagerie, (only with far greater intrepidity, for the beasts in the tower are caged,) and his route lay through Waterford, Cork, Kerry, the western part of Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, Dublin; then northward to Belfast, returning through Armagh, whence he diverged through Monaghan to Enniskillen and Sligo, and so back again to the fair city of Dublin. Having penetrated thus far into the bowels of our western terra incognita, as fast as Irish post-horses, and his 'thravelin po-chay,' could carry him, and beguiling the tedium of our 'pathless downs,' with the pleasant chat of Frederic Page, Esq. a bencher of the middle temple,—whom our public will rejoice to hear that Mr. Bicheno found as he informs us in his dedication, an intelligent and agreeable companion of his journey,—it behoved him of course to enlighten the benighted English people on his return with his observations on all the "vonderful vonders as vas to be seed" in these foreign and outlandish parts. It is the privilege of Englishmen to grumble. While at home they grumble at 'their own, the nation's debt,' the laws

'Which feed the poor, and *don't* protect the game,'

and other enormities and anomalies too tedious to be mentioned. Let them but step out of merry England, and whatever is wrong, because it is not English. Let us hear for example Mr. I. E. Bicheno on the dwellings of the rural population of Ireland:

"The habitations of the peasantry are, as every body knows, of the rudest and most miserable construction. They are scattered over the country wherever a bit of soil is to be obtained, fit for the potatoe; but the favourite spot is beside a road, where they are frequently seen to extend with short intervals for miles together. These collections of hovels form almost the only villages to be seen by the traveller. In Munster, to which we chiefly directed our attention, is probably to be witnessed as low a scale of shelter as is to be found in Europe among a settled population. It is built by the occupier of the soil out of the

materials he finds on the spot. The four walls are of dirt, mixed with rushes or straw beaten up with it. The floor is the earth. The roof is constructed of bogwood, fastened together with pins of the same, or tied with rude cordage made of grass, or rye-straw, which is a favourite material. The covering is soda, or perhaps a thatch of heath. If a window be indulged in, it consists of a single pane of glass, built in with the wall; and when it gets broken, which inevitably happens sooner or later, it is mended by plastering the hole up with dirt. There is a door-way, but frequently no door; its place being supplied by a straw-mat platted for the purpose, which easily admits of a passage behind the scenes; but if you are shut out, the old jest is very nearly a truth, you may put your arm down the chimney and unlock the door. The interior is furnished with a dresser, some crockery, a table, a stool or two, a bedstead, and that servant of all work the *crock*. There never was a utensil applied to more purposes than this. It is like Hudibras' sword—

'Two'd make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.

The *crock* not only boils the potatoes, which is its legitimate application, but aids in fetching them home washing them, and all things else that are washable. With the assistance of a table and a kish, it barricades the door, to prevent the irruptions of the pig and the cow during meals. It serves the pig and the children, collects the jetsum and flotsum of the cabin, and is alternately a vessel of honour and dishonour.

"The chimney, if there be one, is a square frame of wood-work, wrapped round with wattles of hay, and plastered with clay; or in the counties of Cork and Kerry it is a butter firkin, or a bee-hive, or a basket. The smoke indeed seldom escapes by its lawful channel, but makes its way as it can by every pore through the roof, walls and door; so that an Englishman, on the first impulse, immediately thinks of sending for the engines. A moment's reflection teaches him, that in Ireland smoke is not always the prelude to fire. It is frequently the utmost which the fuel itself can elaborate. The general aspect of these hovels at a distance, is that of heaps of dung reeking with the steam of their own fermentation.

"Immediately convenient to the door, and on each side, are the receptacles, into which the *receptamenta* of the cabin are thrown; but they mostly find their way to these places by the laws of gravitation alone. Many attempts have been made by humane individuals, to induce them to remove these offensive collections out of sight, but in vain. Like other farmers, they love to display their wealth; and if they understand nothing else, they have learned how to convert decomposed animal and vegetable matter into potatoes.

"The cow, the pig, the goat, the turkeys are as much a part of the family as the children. They grow up together, eat of the same meat, drink of the same cup, and lie in the same bosom. The ordinary answer when you remonstrate with them about these intrusions, is now as of old; 'And sure havn't they a right, for don't they pay the rent?'

Now first we suspect friend John must have been bitten by some mad Munster-man, who told him of the manure heaps "immediately convenient to the doore," for we can confidently affirm that he never learned the phrase

at Oxford, or the parts thereto adjacent. It is more important, however, to correct an error of judgment into which he is common with many other Englishmen has fallen, than to pick up those slips of the pen, which are to be found scattered pretty plentifully through the volume. Mr. Bicheno has thrown away a great deal of superfluous lamentation upon the mud-cabins of the third estate in Ireland: he fancies, most Englishmen fancy, because they are accustomed to see trig cottages with tiled roofs, and flower knots before and ever-greens growing about them, in the smiling villages of pleasant England, that where these are not comfort cannot come, and they proceed, at least in Mr. Bicheno's and some other cases, to fill up the picture of the transactions within what they are pleased to consider wretched hovels, from their own, we must say, 'filthy' imaginations. Now what is the fact? We who know both England and Ireland well, (a knowledge by the bye, which is not to be attained by simply posting along the mail coach roads of either country,) will inform our public briefly and truly. In England the cottages which look so pretty in the fine spring and summer days, when alone one is in the way of seeing them, are poor feeble baby-houses of places, ramped up for show, with a few thin boards stuck together without closing at the edges, and some ever-greens trained over them to hide the crevices, through which the wind rushes fiercely and keenly in the long dark winter nights, when no candle can be kept in, and the rain patters down through the cracks and crevices in the tile roof. We manage these things better in Ireland: here our walls are not of miserable ill-joined rotten sticks, neither are they, as Mr. Bicheno imagines, made of dirt. We must, according to the Persian proverb, make him 'eat dirt,' for the foul imputation. Did Mr. B. ever hear of a mud-wall weaver? we warrant he did not, in all his travels in the po-chay. He (the weaver) is the artificer of those strong and stable and cosey thick walls, not of 'dirt,' but of stiff adhesive clay, mixed with long strong straw, skilfully introduced, so as to add to the tenacity imperiousness and durability of the structure, when duly baked and seasoned in the sun. In a word, the mud-wall weavers have succeeded to the office for which the Egyptians kept the children of Israel in bondage, and we point to the pyramids as pregnant proof of the strength and durability of that important element in 'our father's mud edifice.' But then comes the roof. Reader had you ever an out-office, a *petit-maison* or the like, with a tiled roof? We once had a piggery so covered, and it was the plague of our life, the rain was eternally drip-dripping in upon the tender and bare little creatures, in spite of all our endeavours with mortar and rendering, and at last we were obliged to have recourse to thatch, merely for dryness, to say nothing of the superior warmth. Now what is too scurvy treatment for pigs in Ireland, cannot be very comfortable for christians in England. It is sheer ignorance that makes people cry out against our thatched roofs. No doubt they are a more expensive mode of doing the thing than tiling, but every thing really good is always expensive, and that is not the ground on which they are censured. It is because the dissentients know not that thatch is the driest, warmest, comfortablest, best roof for a poor man's dwelling, that human wit has yet devised. Then as to the arrangements

within doors: it is as plain as our stick that Mr. Bicheno knows nothing whatever about the matter. We have walked, run, rode, and driven up and down Ireland seventy-three thousand miles in our pilgrimage, (ten miles a day for twenty years, is no very extravagant allowance to ancient peripatetics like ourselves,) and in all that time we never saw nor heard of potatoes boiled in a crock, of which the Sec. Linn. Soc. makes such familiar and unseemly mention. A forty-shilling pot we have seen, and felt too, for when we were out at nurse in the county of Wicklow, we enjoyed a glad experience of the contents of the same, as did the way-faring man, and the stranger and all who sought food and shelter in the name and honour of God. They were not ordered off 'to their parish,' as they would have been by a surly English boor, but were 'kindly welcomed,' with 'God save you,' on their coming, 'Godspeed you,' when they chose to go away. As to dirt and smoke and all that, what is the conclusion of the whole matter? why that our author himself, (who after all is an honest well-meaning Englishman, only a little simple or so, and like his fellows utterly incapable of understanding us Irish, our thoughts, words, and actions, or any of them,) even he is constrained to confess that, "the delicate operation of butter-making," is universally carried on, that the people enjoy plenitude of health; and that they strip with the whitest and clearest skins in the world. What could he say more to confute his own nasty hypothesis?

We have already adverted to the boldness and dauntless courage exhibited by Mr. Bicheno and his companion in their voyage of discovery. The gentleman himself discourses thereanent as followeth:

"If we had credited the representations made to us by *orange* friends very soon after our landing, we should have been dissuaded from attempting to penetrate into some of the remote corners of the west; but as their apprehensions on our behalf arose out of prejudices, working, too, upon them at a moment when they considered their loyalty had been sacrificed to mistaken liberality, we travelled on in spite of their forebodings, and had never the slightest reason to regret our determination, our only care being not to be mistaken for Irish gentlemen. Not a finger was ever lifted against us, but the most cheerful assistance was afforded to us in every difficulty; and although we travelled in the most disturbed districts, and among people who were sheltering murderers, and some of them murderers themselves, I am satisfied they might have been trusted with untold gold; and it is certain, that they are ready to share their scanty meal with the needy, and to relieve one another by acts of kindness, to which the more civilized poor of England are strangers.

"An Englishman cannot fail to remark the different behaviour of the peasantry of the two countries in one particular. We never were saluted with a bow or curtesy from any of them from the beginning to the end of our journey; conduct quite unnatural, and only to be accounted for by the relation in which they stand to the native gentry. I must admit, their nakedness, and shaggy hair, looking like the mane of an untamed colt, give them a forbidding aspect; and that there were occasions, when we met a troop of them on a wild bog, where we were disposed to compound for our safety, by addressing them as the Count Beau-

jeau did the Highlanders in Waverley, '*Gentlemen Sauvages*.'" &c.

Here again we are at issue with our author. Passing over the sneers at orangemen and Irish gentlemen, in which Mr. B. is rather prone to indulge, we come to facts. In all the long walks, rides, drives, swimming, sailing, rowing, and steaming matches we have been practising in Ireland these fifty years, we never once met with such uncourteous behaviour as he recites. After the country girls in Germany and France, the peasantry of Ireland are simply the most polite peasantry we have ever met in all our travels, and every body knows we have been every where from Constantinople to Niagara, from Indus to the Pole. If a man, woman or child passed us on a country road without saluting, we should go home and settle the marriage-portions of our grand-children and make our will at once, for such a portent has never yet befallen us, and we pray the fates to avert the omen dire. But how then could it have uniformly happened Mr. Bicheno, or do we mean to impeach his veracity in a matter of fact? Not at all, the thing is as plain, we repeat it again, as the crutch by the stool which little Lucy has just settled so nicely under our gouty foot. He and his friend took care "*not* to be mistaken for Irish gentlemen." We dare to say they found that very easy. It is difficult to counterfeit the most polished and perfect gentleman that exists, but if they *had* been mistaken for Irish gentlemen their path would have been strewn with green rushes, and their best beavers worn out in returning salutes. In truth and fact we once happened to chaperon an English country gentleman, a member of parliament, through a very wild and extensive district of the south, and his constant remark was (we are here quite serious, and we pledge our word for the truth of what we say,) that the lower class in this country though apparently so much less comfortable and independent than in England, was evidently accustomed to much more *kindness of manner* from their superiors, and always expected to receive as well as to return the courtesies of social life; and he himself was more than once reproved by the very beggarwomen, who, when *he* sternly bid them go away for he had nothing for them, would quietly reply "Well Sir, if you are going to give us nothing, I'm sure you need *not speak* so harsh." But to proceed to the more full and fair consideration of Mr. Bicheno's book, which is really a good and sensibly-written work in the main; he does not consider either absenteeism or the differences on religious doctrines as the principal causes of the dissensions that have so long interfered with the peace and tranquillity of Ireland, he rather looks upon the difference of faith between the upper and lower classes as a strange phenomenon, worthy indeed of curious inquiry, but not very powerfully affecting the civil and political relations of the country. The chief point to which he seems anxious to direct the attention of practical men, is the nature of the relation, or rather want of relation, that in Ireland subsists between landlord and tenant. He points out with considerable clearness and truth the great difference in this respect between Ireland and England, and the still wider deviation from the old clannish system, (Mr. Bicheno seems to consider it decidedly the *good* old clannish system) that used to prevail in Ireland itself. This system he details as follows:

"I will now proceed to mention some of the

peculiarities of the old system of landlord and tenant, which, in my opinion, have not been sufficiently regarded; and to the neglect of many of these, I am persuaded, much of the degradation of the country is to be charged. It will be found that there is as much difference between the old and the new connexion, as there is in the principles of union between the parents and children of two families, one of which is ruled mainly by parental love, and the other by the terrors of the rod.

"The state of society in Ireland, down to the Reformation, was similar to that which is recollected to have survived in the Highlands of Scotland to the middle of the last century; and which existed in England, in a modified form, until it was broken up, after the wars of York and Lancaster, by the general improvement of the country, and the introduction of a more profitable system of agriculture. It was cleanish and patriarchal. Wherever this state of society has existed, the authority of the proprietors is purchased by conciliating the attachment of their followers; and they leave no art of popularity untried to secure it. They hold daily communication with their tenants, are condescending in their manners towards them; and, as they share each other's dangers as well as pleasures, sympathies and affections are awakened, to which the intercourse of refined life is a total stranger."

The very opposite state of things now subsisting in Ireland he describes as follows:

"The position in which the Irish proprietary have been placed, has induced them to look upon land as the merchant does upon his wares; and to forego, for the sake of profit, all the personal influence and consequence usually incident to their station. The rank and importance of the chief of a clan, and feudal lord, and even of the English proprietor, are derived in a great measure from the acts of kindness they are enabled to extend towards their tenantry, who are dependent upon them for subsistence and protection, and for which they receive in return not only money, but honour, family attachment, military service, and political support. The remission of rent, assistance in distress, the adjustment of disputes, and friendly advice, are the necessary result of the connexion of the two parties. If an Irish landlord is lenient towards his tenantry, the kindness is gratuitous, or is conceded as a charity, and consequently is not very general; but in England, even at present, and more so under the old landlords, the remission of rent in particular exigencies, and other proprietary kindnesses, are not conceded or accepted as acts of charity, but are yielded by the landlord, and expected by the tenant, on an understanding, hardly amounting to a right, yet not far short of it; because every landlord, placed in the like circumstances, would do the same. In Ireland, any kindness which is shewn to the tenantry, depends upon the generosity of the individual, and not upon any general feeling which prevails among the class. There are many liberal landlords in the country; but still, as a class, they are needy, exacting, unremitting, harsh, and without sympathy for their tenants."

"An estate has been regarded in Ireland as a money interest alone, and has therefore given the proprietors scarcely any more consequence than exchequer-bills or stock, which would have yielded the same amount of income. A

country, where the mercantile class prevails, among whom all the transactions of life are conducted upon the principle of a market price, may perhaps establish the same relation between landlord and tenant where the soil is the object, as between the same parties where houses in towns are concerned; but in a country purely agricultural, and a peasantry among whom the old social feelings are perpetuated, it is impossible to break up the old relation and establish a new one, founded upon pecuniary considerations alone, without doing great violence to society. It is not a relationship of blood, it is true, but it is one of interest, of strong sympathy, and of nature; and if long standing amongst the habits of mankind be anything in the scale, it has a preponderance that no system of the economists can claim. Modern doctrines, indeed, impeach its wisdom, and would supersede its necessity; but Ireland furnishes an example of the opposite system, and holds out her beacon to warn the political innovator, in his uncharted ocean, not to venture near the rock on which she has been wrecked.

"In every country in Europe, excepting Ireland, the landlord finds something for the tenant besides the mere soil; and even in England, which is a country where very little is furnished, the proprietor builds and repairs such accommodations as are necessary to conduct the business of the farm. In many continental kingdoms he finds the stock, but in unfortunate Ireland, the tenant has been left to provide even his own hovel; and hence it is the worst possible, and without the most ordinary conveniences of barns, stables, or even sheds or yards. Adam Smith remarks, that those laws and customs which secure to the English yeomanry a beneficial interest in the improvements they make, have contributed more to the present grandeur of England than all their boasted regulations of commerce taken together."

There is a great deal of truth and sound sense in this, and though we have the happiness to know among the estates gentry of Ireland many splendid exceptions to our author's sweeping censure, we are constrained to confess that in the general, what between absence and indifference, it is but too well-founded.

Mr. Bicheno entertains a very reasonable doubt as to the expediency of introducing poor-laws into Ireland, at least of extending relief to others than the sick, the aged and the impotent. On the whole matter, we close the volume with a very favourable opinion of its author. Without retracting a word of our introductory remarks on his introduction, we are happy to say that in the body of the book we find him dispassionate, intelligent, and fair, and we are sure that the general circulation which we predict for his book, will tend to the diffusion of sound and practical views on the leading questions respecting Ireland, which for the most part he has ably and truly touched.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia; Geography. vol. 1. The Cities and Principal Towns in the World.—London, Longman and Co. and Taylor.

This is a judicious compilation, presenting a condensed account of the principal cities in the world, each accompanied by well executed wood-cuts. Twenty-three places of note in England are described, beginning with London, and ending with Alnwick: in Ireland

five; in Scotland four. The Netherlands afford sixteen, France eleven, and Spain, which is the last country in the volume, thirteen. The letter-press descriptions, (which are of course the staple of the volume, for except some curious cuts of Moorish and other Eastern buildings in Spain, the wood engravings have little to attract particular attention, though very well done in their way,) seem to be diligently and faithfully compiled. On points of taste we must however sometimes beg leave to join issue with the writer: thus in the description of our own Dublin, he steps a little out of his way, for the purpose of assailing the bad taste and ill effect of Nelson's pillar in Sackville-street. This is mere local prejudice, though doubtless a very prevalent one here.

The writer tells us,—"Sackville-street, a spacious and even noble avenue," (we should thank him to match it in London, though we are not oblivious of Portland-place,) "opens on the left. At about half its length appears Nelson's pillar, a heavy column, placed in its centre, with a perverseness of absurdity rarely seen to break a fine and complete view." And again—"the spectator should halt for a moment on Carlisle-bridge to view Sackville-street, unfortunately broken and disfigured by Nelson's pillar, but adorned by its own breadth and elegance, the portico of the Post-office, and the Rotunda in the distance, the south front of the Custom-house, and a noble line of walled quays over an innavigable river, flowing into a bay without ships; Westmorland-street, with on either side a portico of the Bank, and a pavilion of the University; and D'Olier-street, with the Dublin Library," (the senseless man omits the D. L. G. office,) and a view of the front of the new square of Trinity college." The bay without ships is pointless, because it is not true, and the pause in the description to commit a second onslaught on the pillar,

'Which stands like a candlestick lighting the town,' 'is affectations'; it is Dublin cant. The man labours, the citizens labour, under a huge mistake; our stony friend the naval style is a very pretty fellow. Moreover, he does not mar the view a bit, but the contrary: he is an agreeable object for the eye to rest on, 'half way down' like the samphire-man in Lear, and you see around and beyond him, uninterruptedly, if you like, to the other points enumerated in the Cyclopædia-man's catalogue. It was some silly notion of this kind about Nelson, that caused the city to banish our friend Wellington to the Phoenix-park, where he stands like Tom Campbell's exile of Erin, 'alone on the wind-beaten hill,' instead of enjoying the politer air of Stephen's-green, or Merrion-square, where he might hear the music, and see the ladies; sights and sounds that the old Don loves dearly, for all his autocracy and new duties on poor old Ireland, with a plague on him. We would stake an arm of our best Rhenish, he owes us a grudge for our scurvy treatment of this very ere perennius affair of a pyramid. But to return to the Cabinet Cyclopædia; that our readers may be able to judge of the manner in which the work is got up, and moreover may learn how to bestow right names on our colonnades, porticoes, façades and so forth, when showing them to their country cousins, we shall present them with the first half of the description of Dublin, in detail:

"Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, lies at the mouth of the river Liffy, or Anna Liffy,